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after that there is sure to be something well worth staying for, or coming to, if one has not been among the diners. Occasionally a group of authors read selections from their own writings. Again a playlet or an interpretive dance has been arranged. On election night an elaborate *cabaret* may cause the guests to lose interest in the election.

These affairs as well as receptions in honor of visiting celebrities and the dances also are held in the double parlors on the second floor. One contains the grand piano used only by musical artists. In the other is a smaller instrument for informal occasions. Here also one finds a table full of magazines and comfortable easy chairs where one may pass many enjoyable hours. There is nearly always an exhibition on the walls. The furnishings are appropriately simple and well chosen.

Like many an old Southern house it has some rooms on a little half story at the back, opening off the landing of the stairs between the first and second floors, and others between the second and third floors. Each suite has been converted into a bedroom, sitting-room and bath; the one for men and the other for women. They are used as dressing-rooms or for guests of the club who desire to remain overnight. The walls are covered with dainty paper suggestive of the last century. The wooden furniture is painted gray and decorated with motifs copied from the flowered cretonne used for hangings and cushions. They too, overlook the delightful gardens.

Most of the rooms in the two upper stories are rented for studios, but one has been made into a very popular billiard-room. Entering, one feels as if he had stepped through the cover of *Vanity Fair*. For the vivid green of the billiard-table is repeated in the woodwork and the ceiling and walls are the brightest of Antwerp blue. A few well-chosen posters complete the effect, one that is pleasing to those who have kept abreast of the modern trend of fashion for the gay and startling and the explosive.

Imagine how it would be criticised by some of the earlier occupants of the mansion! The first was Timothy Caldwell who built the original house on the site in 1802. Part of this forms the back wing of the present building. It was used as Executive Mansion by President Monroe for a few months after the British had partially destroyed the White House, as British Embassy from 1820 to 1825, and as a residence by James Monroe when Secretary of State, Gideon Granger when Postmaster General, then by the son of John Quincy Adams, by Professor Abbe and other well-known men. To this list may not future generations add the names of many of the members of the Arts Club of Washington who have given within its walls proof of such talent and genius as will make them eligible for enrollment in the immortal book of fame?

Ruth K. Rice

## THE RED VINEYARDS

They are threading the Red Vineyards in the sunny land of France

They are crushing out the ruddy lees—alas, but not the grape

To the booming sound of cannon in a terrible death-dance

Where each figure looms in silhouette—a grim, fantastic shape.

The dancers' feet are stained with blood, their faces ashen gray,

While they move among the trenches with their soft and ceaseless tread,

And they hear the pipes of agony shrill to them night and day

While their comrades bow beside them in the posture of the dead.

They are treading the Red Vineyards and the purple husks of pain,

They are toiling in the bitter press and know nor fear nor ruth,

In their hearts a flame-white courage makes their fighting not in vain,

But Oh the cold insensate ground that drinks the wine of youth!

That wine that warms a mother's heart, that glads a mother's glance

Oh, let not every drop be spilt before the treading cease!

May the Master of the Vineyards heal the wounded heart of France

When He comes back to the toilers with the shining words of Peace.

But better the Red Vineyards and the battle smoke and flame

Than sheltered in a dream-built world to live a life of shame.

Theodore Lynch Fitz-Simons